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WHAT TO WEAR

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produces a smooth, clear, wholesome complexion. It is an uncommonly good soap for use where an attractive perfume and complexion medicaments are required. On account of its antiseptic properties it is good for toilet, bath, and nursery. At your druggists.

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## "I Believe In The Use of Beer"

—Rev. A. W. Stein

### Distinguished Divine Pleads for Popular Beverage In The Home

From staid old Fitchburg, Mass., comes the voice of a rector pleading for the sane use of wine and beer. The Rev. Alexis W. Stein, rector of Christ Episcopal Church of that city, and formerly assistant to the Rev. Dr. Rainsford at St. George's Church, New York, and, previously, rector of Christ's Church, Cincinnati, believes in facing conditions as they exist. "I am one of those," he says, "who believe in the use of wine and beer. The surest cure for the misuse of them is the proper use of them. The man who drinks beer in his home with his family and children about him will get no harm himself nor do any harm to any one else because he drinks. The man who spends an hour with a group of friends, among whom are women he respects, over one or two glasses of beer or light wine, as do some European people, will get no harm from it. The beer gardens of Germany are positive forces for good in the social life of that country."

That is the reverend gentleman's tolerant and rational attitude on the question, and had he gone further and examined into the merits of the various beers he would have agreed with some of our most eminent physicians that Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is the best means to temperance, because of its small percentage of alcohol and its great food value. He would also have recommended Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, as do the doctors, "in preference to all other beers because it is the absolutely clean beer—the beer that is absolutely pure, never touched by human hands and never in contact with any air except sterilized and filtered air from the time it is brewed till it is poured into your glass." That is what one well-known doctor said of it.

Other doctors say Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is the cleanest, purest, most wholesome beer brewed and our readers will agree with us that the doctors ought to know.

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### BETWEEN TIMES

Bobbie: ARE YOU GOING TO THE KISSING GAME TO-NIGHT?

Ethel (etat. 12): NO; I'M TOO OLD TO BE KISSED BY BOYS AND NOT OLD ENOUGH TO BE KISSED BY REAL MEN.

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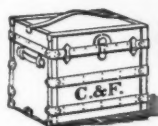
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### The Amiable Spider

THE spider is not usually credited with amiability of temper, and so the proofs brought forward by M. A. Leciallon in *La Nature* of its material affections are the more interesting. The species concerned is one which makes its nest and web in the ears of oats. The nest of one was broken open, the mother taken out, and another female spider put in. The latter on entering looked around and at once began to close the entrance. When the mother spider is brought back the usurper tries to defend herself, and they exchange blows through the opening. Then the mother goes round the nest to find another entrance and the usurper tries to escape. She is forced, however, by the other to retire again into the nest. Making a third attempt while the mother is absent again, the usurper escapes, though hotly pursued. Assuring herself that her enemy has really gone, the mother enters her nest, and after a while begins to close the opening. The usurper is then placed on the nest three times but always retreats in haste. A spider, it thus appears, will readily adopt another nest, but will not defend it as she would her own. If, however, the usurper has had possession of the nest for twenty-four hours, she will not leave it voluntarily, and will defend it vigorously against its true owner. A spider kept from her own nest for eight days does not try to recover it nor show any interest in it.—*London Globe*.

### Taking No Chances

AN OLD Pennsylvania farmer, while on a visit to Philadelphia, says a writer in the *Public Ledger*, was taken with a violent toothache, and calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted and that he had better take gas for the operation.

The patient agreed to this, and then started to count his money.

The dentist remarked, "Oh, you need not pay me until I have finished."

"I reckon not," replied the farmer, "but if you are going to make me unconscious, I thought I'd just like to see how I stand."

### Vexations of New Riches

A WOMAN on the North Side, with a new husband and a new house and newly carved furniture, has a new butler, just imported from Europe. She is very uncomfortable; in fact, she has a new pain almost every time the new butler addresses her. Upon arriving in Chicago the butler's first self-appointed task was to learn the social value of names. Each day that a large and fashionable function is announced in the paper he says, with absence of expression:

"You will be going out, of course, this evening, madam?"

"Going out? No; why?"

"I understand that madam is to assist Mrs. So and So."

As fashionable entertainments, one after another, have filled the calendar and madam has been at home in dressing gown and slippers the butler's demeanor has become more and more cool and lofty, until the poor woman confided to her best friend that she feared he would cut her the next time she ordered potatoes au gratin.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Shaving  
Without  
Soap  
Brush  
or Cup



Half the trouble of shaving and all the mussiness comes from soapy lather rubbed in the beard to be washed off the face.

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is an English preparation, for a quarter of a century used by men of refinement and nice habit. It is a delicate, demulcent cream which quickly softens the hardest beard so that you can shave in half the time with twice the comfort. It leaves the skin smooth, soft and entirely free from irritation. It is a treasure to travelers. No brush, no soap; just Eux-e-sis and a razor make a complete shaving set. Ideal for use with a safety razor. None genuine without the signature of Aimee Lloyd in red ink on tube.

Sold by best druggists, 40c. a tube  
Extra large, 75c.

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SCOTCH?



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**"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."**  
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**CIGARETTES**

to make their quality unapproachable and absolutely uniform. Selections of only the rarest, richest Turkish leaf are used; and only the most skilled Egyptian workmen are employed.

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**Brownsville**  
**Water Crackers**

The Cracker that has "Brownsville" on it

You will find them the best crackers you can give your children, as they are wholesome, nutritious, and everybody likes them.

If you cannot buy these crackers at any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, express prepaid, or two pounds for 50 cents, express prepaid.

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# LIFE



*Percy: I AM TIRED OF THIS LIFE OF EASE. I WANT A LIFE OF TOIL, DANGER, EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE!*  
*"OH, THIS IS SO SUDDEN! BUT YOU MAY ASK PAPA."*

## Evolution

**T**HE first time the Business Man was confronted with the alternative of doing wrong or losing money, he let the money go, and that was all there was to it. The second time, he snorted some, but still he let the money go. The third time he exclaimed, "Well, well!" held the matter open for a day or two, and

let the money go once more. The fourth time he consulted the authorities and discovered that wrong is only a relative term, after all. The fifth time, and ever after, the alternative found him no longer a mere Business Man, but a Financier.

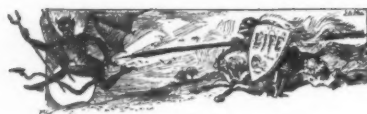
**FACTO:** In the ages past, how did people ever manage to live without telephones and the telegraph?

**PHILOS:** They didn't; they all died.



**JULY**  
**LEO**





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. JULY 12, 1906 No. 1237.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



PEOPLE like to talk upon subjects which they understand, and as there are not many subjects of discussion which very many people do understand, when such a subject does come up and is of a consuming interest, the volume of discourse which ensues is enormous. Pretty nearly every one who has come to mature years has felt competent to discuss the killing of Stanford White by Harry Thaw and has done so. Not for years has a bomb burst with such reverberation in the world of morals and of gossip. The shock was so stunning, the subject-matter so simple, that no tongue has been restrained from wagging for lack of thoughts to divulge or opinions to propound. Every country newspaper publisher knows that scarcely anything will sell so many papers as an interesting murder near home. Here was a murder of surpassing interest, involving two men whom newspaper readers everywhere have learned to know. Hence more talk that anybody has heard upon a single topic for a very long time.

We guess everything has been said that has been necessary up to this time, and we have no mind to add much to the sum total of discourse. Stanford White was in various particulars a useful man who was of value to the public. In other particulars he seems to have been by no means useful, but decidedly the contrary. If Harry Thaw performed a useful service in killing Stanford White it was the first one he ever did so far as is popularly known. That he had himself suffered from White any injury that seems sufficient to excuse his crime in the eyes of a jury has not been disclosed up to the time of this writing, but there will be a story told to a jury, and of course, nobody knows how it will strike them.

Some admirable people were friends of Stanford White and loved the good side of him. Some decent people are relatives of Thaw and care for him. These are the mourners in this case and the people to whom we owe our sympathy.



A NEWSPAPER paragrapher lately divided the current American plutocracy into millionaires, multimillionaires and Pittsburg millionaires. To the latter class Harry Thaw's astounding action will draw renewed attention. As a group, the Pittsburg millionaires offer unrivaled illustrations of the damage that can be done to character and deportment by a rapid imposition of large masses of money upon persons not gradually inured to the temptations of wealth. The average of morals among our very rich people is not exceptionally high at best. Long practice in burning money has not enabled all members of our older rich families to keep out of the divorce courts or to conduct themselves with that decent discretion and restraint which is indispensable to domestic peace. But no group of rich Americans of this generation are exhibiting quite so conspicuous an incapacity to reconcile money with domestic morals as the remarkable band that has emerged within the last decade from Pittsburg. There are decent folk in that group, of course; probably a majority of them are decent; but there is among them so considerable a number that have let their money swamp and submerge their morals that the group as a group has come to be regarded with derision. It is not so much that they are so bad as that they are so untrammelled; so prone to make the mistake of thinking that they can do what they will and live as they will and with whom they will so long as they have money to pay for it.



That is a very serious mistake. Take such conventions of our society as that a man shall not have more than one wife nor change wives without due reason and notice, it seems perfectly easy for a rich man to break them, and it is easy. But it is mighty hard to avoid paying the penalty which society imposes. Even

on account of mundane considerations alone it is a very serious disability to be disreputable. No thoroughly disreputable rich person can hope to have his money's worth of fun. As soon as he has tried all the disreputable kinds of fun, and found them rather nasty, and had the grace, maybe, to get tired of them, he will want to have fun respectably. Then he will find himself up a tree, because the reputable people won't want to play with him nor let him into their game. Really, it is true, even if all the higher motives are ignored, that a decent consideration for the opinions of mankind is necessary to ordinary happiness.



IT IS comforting to reflect that the vacation season has come for Congress and the President. Between them they have accomplished very considerable labors during the last six months, and there have been signs that they both need rest. Especially is there reassurance in the thought that the President is back at Oyster Bay, chopping trees, swimming in the adjacent brine, riding horses and walking and doing not more than two or three men's work a day with his head. The President is a handy man, but the strains of the last six months in Washington have been exceptionally severe. A man may like a fight and still find that six months of scrapping leaves him worn. Pretty constant scrapping has the President had since last New Year's, but he has scrapped to considerable purpose. To all the important legislation that Congress has achieved in the session just over he has contributed, and much of it would not have been accomplished without his interposition. Congress passed a railway rate law, a meat inspection law, a lock canal bill, a Statehood bill, a pure food bill and divers other bills, and spent eight hundred and twenty million dollars. In all this work the President shared vehemently. It is time that he rested.

And many members of Congress will be glad to rest, too, and to get out of Washington. Congress has had to work hard to keep up with the President and modify his zeal. It has succeeded pretty well in both particulars and has added about as much to its reputation as he has to his.



DISCOVERED

AFTER "LANDING OF COLUMBUS," BY VANDERLYN

The End in Sight



and while the Iowa statesman is perhaps not as near the throne as some others, his words will carry weight, as being the first intimation that the Administration sets a definite period to our occupation of the islands.

In the meanwhile the beef disclosures, tending as they do to divert us from a meat diet to hay and other cereals, cannot but hasten the happy day. Moreover, with one pure food agitation treading on the heels of another it may well be imagined that our red corpuscles are being more or less rapidly sickled

o'er with the cast of pallor, until possibly as soon as Mr. Roosevelt's fifth term, and certainly not later than his tenth or eleventh, they will have garbed themselves, so to speak, in the hues of purity, and the agony will be over.

Fond Enough

BISHOP POTTER thinks that the Americans and the British are not so fond of one another as the after-dinner orators make out.

Probably not. No nation was ever yet fond of any other nation, except temporarily and in the expectation of some sort of profit from its demonstrations of affection. Individuals are sometimes devoted friends, but nations are not.

But the Americans and the British love each other plenty well enough to buy and sell abundantly one with another and to intermarry freely, and

to see to it vigilantly that nothing shall occur to stop trading between them. Moreover, their sailors get on very well together, and their soldiers would get on well if they ever met.

An American is not a "foreigner" to an Englishman nor an Englishman to an American. That is a fact and there is a good deal in it; as much, at all events, as is necessary.



"CAN'T YOU PLAY SOME OLD FAMILIAR MELODY?"  
"HOW WOULD YANKEE POODLE DO?"



## Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowl- edged.....	\$913 55	"F. C. B.".....	\$100 00
"L. R.".....	10 00	"H. K. H.".....	25 00
"W. S.".....	20 00	"G. M. M.".....	10 00
"H. K. K.".....	100 00	"In Memory of F. A. M.".....	5 00
"R. T. W., Jr.".....	100 00	Anonymous, Amherst, Mass.	1 00
		Total.....	\$1,284 55

## Acknowledged with Thanks

- 1 barrel of flour from The Washburn-Crosby Co., Minnesota.
- 1 package of clothing from Mrs. Auguste Richard.
- 1 package of clothing from Miss Richard.

## Postals from Life's Fresh Air Farm

LIFE'S FARM,  
BRANCHVILLE, CT.

Dear Auntie—I hope you are feeling well how is Henry and Joe.  
I am having a very good time.  
I climb up the trees every day for apples and berries.

Yours truly,

Joe Fay.

LIFE'S FARM,  
BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

Dear Mother—I am so lonesome for you and I am having a good time.

From May.

TO NETTIE:

I am mad because you wouldn't kiss me.

TO PAPA:

Dear Papa—are you mad at me because I did not kiss you.

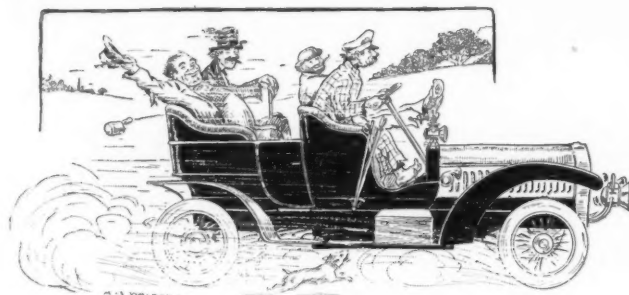
LIVES FARM BRANCH  
VILLE, CONN.

Dear Mother—Just a few lines hoping to find you in good health and letting you know I am enjoying myself in the best of ways as we get as much food as we want as my letter is getting long I remain your loving daughter

Agnes.

LIFE'S FARM,  
BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

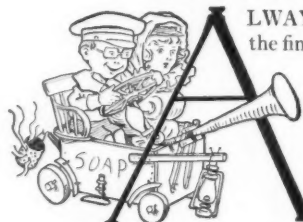
Dear Mother—I write you a few lines to let you no that me and Willie are having a good time we are getting all good food they are treeting us fine pleas ans soon send mammies number



CHANGED TO SUIT THE TIMES

"IF WISHES WERE AUTOS, BEGGARS WOULD RIDE"

## Rules for Automobile Guests



ALWAYS tell your host that his is the finest machine you ever rode in.

Ask him if it isn't the best make there is.

Say you thought so, when he says yes.

Ask him what really makes it go.

Listen while he tells you.

Ask him if he isn't going *very* swiftly.

Express surprise when he says the machine is merely getting warmed up, and for you to wait.

Wait.

Remark that automobiling is the poetry of motion.

And that you never before knew what it meant to really live.

And that you feel an exquisite, inexplicable elation.

Admire his motoring get-up.

Tell him how well he looks in automobile togs.

Ask him if you may suggest a name for his machine.

Ask him what are the spark plugs.

Look wise.

Ask him how to spell carbureter.

Express no surprise at his reply.

Say that you would be afraid to go so fast if any one else were driving.

Ask to have all the parts in sight explained to you.

Inquire minutely about the others.

Introduce no subject save automobiles.

Disparage all others and praise the one you're in.

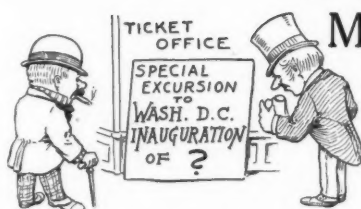
Keep it up.

Carolyn Wells.



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM  
THE FLOWER GATHERERS

### The Coming Show



MR. W. J. BRYAN is reported as saying:

"There is some talk of controlling the trusts. You might as well talk of controlling burglary. We do not say that men shall only steal a little bit or in some particular way, but that they shall not steal at all; and so of private monopolies. It is not sufficient to control them or to regulate them. They must be absolutely and totally destroyed. Corpora-

tions should be controlled and regulated, but private monopolies must be exterminated, root and branch."

There is something flat-footed, something positive and clearly defined about this that may have a positive and clearly defined effect upon quite a number of American voters.

This next Presidential election is going to be more than a circus—it is going to be a three-ringed hippodrome, with "ground and lofty tumbling" to startle the natives.

### Unwritten Masterpieces

HERE it is almost midsummer and nobody out yet with a story about breakfast foods. Why does literary vigilance slumber so imperturbably?

Is it doped?

Are the pirates of the cereal going to escape?

Don't we all know that they put sawdust into their substitutes for food? Is it *clean* sawdust? Who can suppose so? What are all the people who used to eat meat eating now?



IZZY MORRIS FIDDLEBAUM  
WED LEAH MEYER ROSEN,  
FOR NEITHER HAD A PREJUDICE  
AGAINST WHAT'S CALLED "THE CHOSEN."

### WHY THEY MARRIED

Breakfast foods! And what are breakfast foods really made of?

Awful!

And coffee, too! Only think of it! And dried apples! What are dried apples?

Shall we ever have a pure food law? We may. We should. Congress is discussing one at this present time of writing, but none of the masters of fiction has stirred up the minds of the President and people on this great topic. And until that is done we bet Congress won't act.

### Leisure

"HELLO, Pat, what are you doing?"  
"Shure, an' I spind all my idle toime sawin' wood."

THE fact that Herr Gustav Mahler has composed a symphony in which there is a part for cowbells and another for a huge metal drum struck by a heavy wooden hammer should mislead no one. Strauss may be for the moment overshadowed, but when we consider that neither a carpenter filing his saw nor a boiler-maker riveting a crown-sheet has been treated orchestrally, we have to admit that the title of king of music is far from being won definitely and for all time.



PETKINS WED HER NOBBY BOY  
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD KNOWS WHEN—  
HE WAS ONCE THE MOLD OF FORM  
AND SHE WAS STYLISH THEN!

## Euthanasia

("Euthanasia" [merciful killing] has been proposed by a member of the Ohio State Legislature as a legal method of stopping hopeless suffering.)



ONE doctor called it liver,  
Another called it lung,  
One labored to diskiver  
A cancer on his tongue.

One recommended mountains,  
Another spoke of springs,  
Of Carlsbad's bubbling fountains  
And other costly things.

Though anguish racked him dourly  
He never knew the worst.  
Physicians came in hourly  
(Their bills came on the First.)

And when the nostrum dealers  
No more he could endure,  
He pinned his faith to "healers"  
And absent-minded cure.

Electric treatments funny  
Squeezed many fees from him.  
"Vibrators" pinched his money,  
Massagists pulled his limb.

At last a doctor saintly  
Applied mud-plasters warm,  
Whereat the patient faintly  
Wailed, "Pass the chloroform!"

To dreamless, cheap aphasia  
I fain would flutter hence—  
Please give me Euthanasia  
And save this demd expense!"

W. I.

## Collegiaticus Sempervirens

THE *Evening Post* says:

"The average undergraduate is an irrational young animal. In the course of time he becomes a man, rational at intervals."

Entirely true, except that if the *Post* will call him an irrational young devil it will better convey its idea. The desperate part of it all is that the undergraduates do not improve; at least, not much. Changes in the age of admission to college and in the conditions of college discipline make differences, and sometimes bring about modifications in general undergraduate deportment. But when we feel, as we do so naturally, that the issue of this or that calumniator's folly has given the undergraduate a lesson that he will not forget, we fool ourselves. In about a minute the undergraduate who got the lesson is grown up and out of college, and there is in being an undergraduate just as irrational as his predecessors, and with all his lessons to get.



THE BATHING HOUR AT EDEN-BY-THE-SEA

So you can always rely on the undergraduate to be reasonably foolish. His species is *sempervirens*. But, bless him, we would not have him otherwise. He helps to keep mankind young.

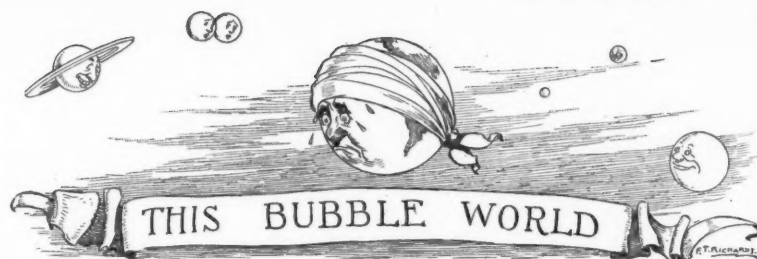
## The Canal

WITH every fresh draught of the muck-rake there are those whose agony is almost more than they can bear, until they cry out: "Let the canal be dug by contract, and take the Government's blundering hand off the business."

But, after all, if we are to have the sense of national selfhood—and the sense of national selfhood, however much like the sense of individual selfhood it is liable to abuse, is

worth having, by good testimony—we've got to do large things in a collective way as a nation, and possibly the canal will justify itself yet, and in spite of the scandal, as a means of toning up our ideals and keeping them from getting flabby. Certainly, at its worst, it is a worthier undertaking than war ever is, yet war with all its horrid waste has the merit of having taught mankind something of their collective significance. If the power of man in the mass, which is only another name for the nation, is getting to direct itself to constructive instead of destructive ends, that is something to be glad over, and surely we are none the less secure of those ultimate benefits which have served to give even its worst achievements a measurable value to humanity.





THE Kickapoo Indians are now governed by a woman.—*Indianapolis News*.

Surely a case of Kickapoo Indian when he's down.

Navy chaplains want more pay.—*Rochester Herald*.

If that's the case, why don't they become missionaries?

A Chicago physician says that there are fifty varieties of headache.—*Rochester Post*.

And these all join in one the morning after.



HI, FELLERS! LOOK WOT SAYS IT WOULD LIKE TER SEE DE WOMAN WOT COULD TWIST HIM ROUND HER FINGER.

Denatured alcohol on the free list is a good beginning. The people got it because they made it plain that they meant to have it, or know the reason why. They can get more relief in the same way.—*Portland (Me.) Argus*.

A good way to do it will be not to send back the Republicans who have emasculated every bill proposed in the interest of the people.

Perhaps "Big Tim" Sullivan believes that story about a New York State senatorship being worth \$100,000 a year.—*Detroit News*.

Big Tim ought to know, if any one does.

The English language is spreading.—*Boston Herald*.

There won't be any English language when the New York *Sun* makes "usage" take the place of rule and the reformers establish go-as-you-please spelling.

Mr. Bryan is taking great comfort these days in recalling the maxim about the man who waits.—*Detroit News*.

But Mr. Bryan hasn't waited. He's been chasing the street-car for years.

*Harper's Weekly* seems to have dropped Woodrow Wilson.—*Rochester Post*.

The drop didn't make noise enough to attract any one's attention.

A Grecian countess, just divorced, says she would now like to marry an American.—*Louisville Times*.

The countess must have been a spectator at the Olympic games.

Jacob Schiff reports that Japan has recovered from the effects of the war.—*Philadelphia North American*.

The Russian katzenjammer still hangs on.

Justice Deuel, formerly of *Town Topics* and still on the bench.—*New York Sun*.

Another beautiful example of the law's delays.

An up-to-date hostess must do more than supply house-room for her guests, their maids, and their valets. She has now to provide a garage for their motors, and rooms or lodgings for their motor-drivers.—*M. A. P.*

The growth in responsibilities and worries of hospitality bids fair to make the hostess an extinct species.

Any movement to abolish the button-behind shirt-waist will receive the support of all married men.—*Houston Post*.

And hungry infants.

In a recent lecture in New York to the biology section of the Academy of Sciences, Professor F. S. Lee announced candy to be an excellent cure for fatigue.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Perhaps that explains the success of the dime-in-the-slot candy machines in the New York theatres.

There is no parasite class in America.—*Paris Interview with Mme. Bernhardt*.

The divine one evidently didn't meet the hangers-on of New York's 400.

Five ice trust officials were sentenced to pay heavy fines and to spend a year each in prison in Toledo, Ohio.—*Washington Star*.

Next?

In Philadelphia a few days ago a man stole a child and held it for ransom. He was discovered, and within twenty-four hours he was in the penitentiary. On the other hand, New York has been nearly six years trying in vain to hang the wretch Patrick for murder.—*Indianapolis News*.

The Philadelphia man had no money.



HELLO! THAT MUST BE MY HITCHING-POST





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THANDICAP  
MEN!"





### A HOMELY GIRL

"DID you ever see a homelier girl in your life?"

Dick Culver nodded his head emphatically in the direction of a young woman who was walking across the tennis court. It was a drowsy afternoon at a mountain resort. The two friends, always inseparable, had wandered there for a couple of weeks' vacation. They were both tall, handsome chaps with plenty of money and—extraordinary as this may seem—good habits.

"She certainly is not much on looks," replied Billy Trent. "Well, my boy, we didn't come here to flirt. We came for a rest."

"And if that's a fair sample, I guess we'll get it all right. I must say that she's a poor specimen. Glad I don't have to chase around with a thing like that."

"What should you say was the matter with her?"

"Well, just analyze it and see. She certainly isn't much on figure. She has hair, but it's the thin, wavy kind—no style about it. As for her face—from the distance, it certainly isn't prepossessing. And, apparently, she's the only girl here."

"Never mind. We can fish."

Twenty-four hours later the two friends again sat in the same place.

"I saw you talking with that homely girl, Billy."

"Yes. Proprietor's wife introduced us. Why didn't you come up?"

"She's too homely for me. I draw the line."

"Yes—she is—no doubt about that. But when you get near and look at her

closely, you don't mind it so much. She has a rather sweet smile."

Another day passed. Dick had now met her.

"By the way," said Billy, "you got acquainted, didn't you, with Miss Crabbe? How do you like her?"

"Well, I must confess I was agreeably disappointed. As you said, she has a sweet smile. And then, when she speaks, did you notice how her eyes light up? Nice eyes."

"Yes—good eyes."

"Her figure isn't so bad as I thought it was, is it?"

"Well—no."

The next day at about the same hour the two friends again sat together.

"I see, Billy, you had Miss Crabbe out for a walk this morning."

"Yes. Pretty intelligent girl, that. Weren't you out rowing with her this afternoon?"

"Well—yes. Talks rather well."

"I thought so. Pleasant way, hasn't she?"

"Very. Strikes me that she has a sweet disposition."

"So I thought. Do you know, I rather like the way she dresses—a style of her own."

"I don't know but I do, too. Lovely teeth."

"Bully! How animated her face is when she talks."

"Isn't it? Never get tired looking at it."

"Nor I. By the way, are you going to take her to walk to-morrow morning?"

"I though perhaps I would."

"In that case I'll take her in the after-

noon," apologetically. "In a place like this there's really nothing much else to do."

"That's so," in the same tone. "We must have some amusement."

For the next week the two friends did not see very much of each other. They were pretty busy. But so honorable were they that the division of their time with the homely Miss Crabbe was tacitly understood.

One evening, however, they stood together once more, both looking solemnly into the crystal lake, where the beams from the old moon flickered wantonly.

"Old man," said Billy, "I haven't seen much of you lately."

"No." He turned and looked his friend full in the face. "I suppose," he said, "that I might as well own up. The fact is, I'm in love—with Miss Crabbe."

"So am I."

"I knew it. Sweetest, loveliest girl I ever met. Isn't she?"

"She certainly is."

Dick's voice wavered.

"This morning," he said, "I asked her to marry me and, by Jove! she turned me down."

Billy's voice also wavered.

"Pretty tough, old man," he said. "This afternoon I did the same thing, and she turned me down."

He put his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I guess we'll have to live it down," he said. "But do you know what the matter is?"

"You mean"—

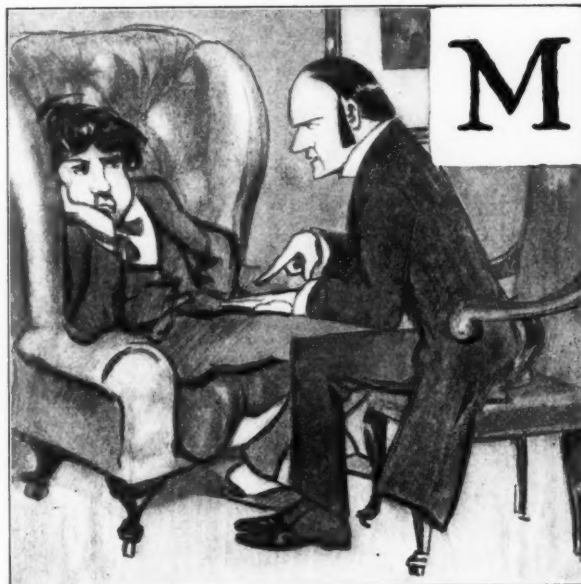
Billy nodded.

"Yes," he replied softly, "that's it, old fellow. The fact is that girl is altogether too good for either of us!"

Tom Masson.

# AN ALPHABET OF BORES

By OLIVER HERFORD



**M**'S a Methodical Man  
Who talks with Precision and Plan;  
Have a care how you balk  
The stream of his talk  
Lest he go back to where he began.



**N** IS a Newly Rich Boor—  
An affliction that few can endure.  
Some cases, with care  
And complete change of Heir,  
Take Three Generations to cure.

## Taxes

**S**OMEbody has discovered that two-thirds of Uncle Sam's expenditures go for martial purposes, either to prepare for wars in the future or to pay old scores left by wars in the past, and other interests are crying out that this is not a fair division of the swag, or pork. Indeed, they declare that the military fellows will have to take less, or else taxes will have to be increased.

The astonishing circumstance, to the innocent bystander, is this seeming delicacy about raising taxes. If platforms, hot air, red fire and statistics can impart the character of apodictic certainty, surely we may not doubt that under our tariff the foreigner pays the tax, and that being the case, who cares about

mere details of budget? It isn't our money that Congress is spending, but Europe's, and Asia's, and Africa's, not to mention the Philippines and Porto Rico. Our withers are unwrung and the galled jade can't help herself.

## Now Is the Time

**T**HE Gaekwar of Baroda talks of coming our way, in search of customs and manners to introduce among his people, who live in India and need toning up, and though the joke about our having customs but no manners has had plenty of time to penetrate to his far corner of the earth, and will be duly brought to his mind the minute he lands with his baggage, we hope he will, nevertheless, persist, because, thanks to muck-raking, religious revivals, Jacob

Riis and Upton Sinclair, we have our house very much in order and were just wishing somebody might happen along. We are a virile people and whatsoever we go in for, we go in for. Just now it is the good, the beautiful and the true, and for that reason the Gaekwar couldn't choose a better time. To delay were to trifle with opportunity. A few brief months, and who knows but high finance and unexampled prosperity will have us once more?

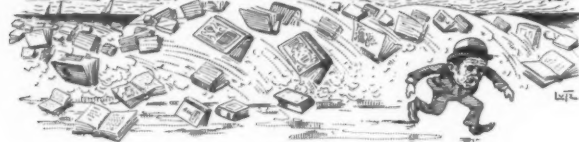
**CLARA:** Is your love for him growing any less?

**MAUD:** Oh, no.

"But he complains that you are colder."

"Well, you see, I now love him so much more than I did that I have to conceal it."

# THE LATEST BOOKS



**THE MAYOR OF WARWICK** is a new and in many respects a fine piece of work by Herbert M. Hopkins, and although it is in a measure disappointing in that it discloses without fully achieving the rounded conception of the author, and as a result takes its place on the neutral ground between the popular and the literary lines, it is both a readable and a promising novel. Its action centers in the triply interconnected relations of collegiate, political and family influences in a New England city, the site of a church college, the center of much wealth and the see of an Episcopal bishop whose daughter is the pivot of the plot's concentric rings.

*The Misses Make-Believe*, a novel by Mary Stuart Boyd, is a belated example of a ladylike fiction which flourished in the '70's and which one always associates with the irreproachable adjective "genteel." The pair of premature old maids whose efforts to keep up a fashionable appearance in London gave rise to their nickname and title to the story would have been excellent subjects for sympathetic idealization or appreciative humor, but the unimaginative recital of their doings offers neither the excitement of a story of action nor the atmosphere of a study of genre.

Ernest Ingersoll's carefully written and edited volume upon *The Life of Animals* is one of the best attempts that has been made to produce a work upon natural history intermediate between a scientific text-book and what is generally referred to as a "popular treatise," in threading which rather difficult channel Mr. Ingersoll has managed to hug the scientific shore and yet make the voyage interesting and relate it both to life and to nature. The book is illustrated from drawings and photographs and with colored plates.

Arthur Henry Vesey, who last year published *The Clock and the Key*, has followed it with a second novel of rapid romance, called *The Castle of Lies*. This is a story of adventure in an old Swiss schloss which, for a night and a day, is a storm center of political intrigue, a storm center in whose vortex are caught and kaleidoscopically whirled about a British Ambassador, an American tourist, a Macedonian adventuress, a Bulgarian prince and a chorus of Balkan conspirators. It is a book for a hot day, calculated to make one forget the thermometer and think the mosquitoes part of the plot.

There have recently appeared several volumes of short stories which will lend themselves to the filling of stray blanks in summer schedules. One of these, *Stand Pat*, by David A. Curtis, contains a score of snappy yarns with a poker background from a small port of call for Mississippi River steamers in the '80's. Half a dozen residents of the village figure in most of the tales and give a connected interest to the series,

while strangers, crossroads gamblers and river sharps happen in to furnish variety, and Mr. Curtis supplies the snap.

Another collection of a distinctly amusing character is Francis Metcalf's *Side Show Studies*, each of which contains an actual incident in animal training related by the manager of one of the large troupes and a "that-reminds-me" yarn spun by his press agent, who, with a mythical person named Merritt, once ran a snake exhibit. This antiphony of realism and romance is cleverly contrived and the stories are well told.

The seven stories in *The Praying Skipper*, by Ralph D. Paine, are less informal and summery, several of them, indeed, being unusually good examples of the short story-teller's art. Four of them have to do with the sea, one with a Yale-Harvard boat race and two with the occupation of Peking by the allied armies. One of the latter, *Corporal Sweeney*, is especially good.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Mayor of Warwick*. By Herbert M. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Misses Make-Believe*. By Mary Stuart Boyd. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Life of Animals (Mammals)*. By Ernest Ingersoll. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

*The Castle of Lies*. By Arthur Henry Vesey. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*Stand Pat*. By David A. Curtis. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

*Side Show Studies*. By Francis Metcalf. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.25.)

*The Praying Skipper, and Other Stories*. By Ralph D. Paine. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

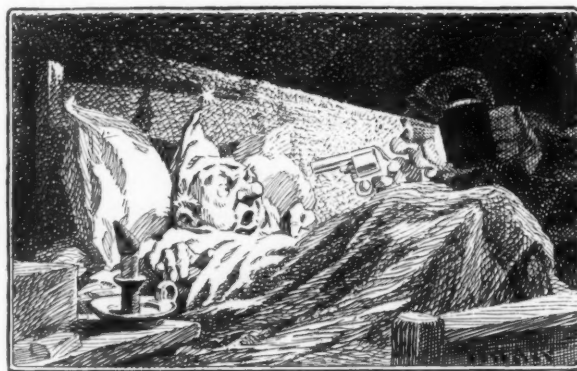
## Looking Forward

SHAKESPEARE was reading *Macbeth* to a friend and had just finished the lines:

"Lay on, Macduff! And damned be he who first cries 'Hold! Enough.'"

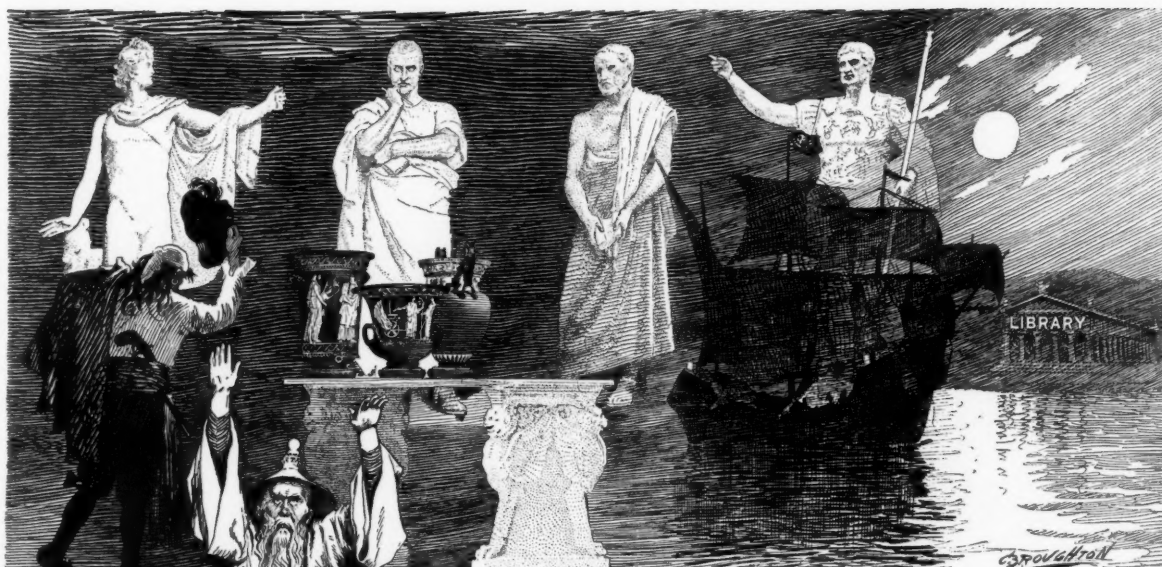
"But why do you work in that profanity?" asks the friend.

"Why," Shakespeare explains, with a patient consideration of the other's lack of prophetic insight, "the day is coming when the only way to get a laugh from the audience will be to have one of the characters swear, and surely I want this play to have a few comedy touches in it."



BOGGS (suddenly awakened): HEY THERE, CHAUFFEUR! WHY IN THUNDER DIDN'T YOU TOOT YOUR HORN BEFORE YOU'D DRIVEN RIGHT ONTO A MAN?





## Ethics of Piracy

I WONDER if Morgan the Pirate,  
When plunder had glugged his heart,  
Gave part of the junk from the ships he had sunk  
To help some Museum of Art;  
If he gave up the role of "collector of toll"  
And became a Collector of Art?

I wonder if Genghis the Butcher,  
When he'd trampled down nations like grass,  
Retired with his share, when he'd lost all his hair,  
And started a Sunday-school class;  
If he turned his past under and used half his plunder  
In running a Sunday-school class?

I wonder if Roger the Rover,  
When millions in looting he made,  
Built libraries grand on the jolly mainland  
To honor Success and "free trade";  
If he founded a college of nautical knowledge  
Where Pirates could study their trade?

I wonder, I wonder, I wonder,  
If Pirates were ever the same,  
Ever trying to lend a respectable trend  
To the jaunty old buccaneer game;  
Or is it because of our Piracy Laws  
That philanthropists enter the game?

Wallace Irwin.





### BUT OH! THE DIFFERENCE

I loved a dark haired girl last year,  
I felt she was my fate,  
I held that brunette very dear  
(Blondes I abominate).  
But, when I heard of her this year,  
I really could have cried,  
Excuse a (paradox and) tear!  
The girl I loved had—died.—*Sun.*

### "UNSIGHT, UNSEEN"

Secretary Shaw recently told a story on Representative Smith, of Iowa, when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the criminal court in Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the judge who presided.  
"I have none," responded the prisoner.  
"Why haven't you?"  
"Haven't any money to pay a lawyer."  
"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge.  
"Yes, your honor."  
"There is Mr. Walter I. Smith, John Brown, George Green," said the judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court waiting for something to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the court room, and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said, "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Post.*

### FEMININE REASONING

Senator Dolliver was condemning an opponent's argument.  
"In such an argument," he said, "the logic of it is absurdly false. It is like the logic of a young woman of Fort Dodge."  
"This young woman sat playing the needle one spring morning on the piazza of her pretty little house. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. The husband himself appeared and she said fretfully: 'It is too bad, the careless way the tailor put this button on. This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on for you.'"  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

### VERY LIKE IT

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car, says a writer in *Youth*. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly:  
"Johnny, do you know where you are?"  
"Tourse I do," he returned, sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer."

### THOUGHT IT HAD COME TO STAY

CHURCH: Don't you think the automobile has come to stay?  
GOTHAM: Well, there was one out in front of my store, to-day, which I thought had; but they got a horse after a while, and got it away after it had been there about four hours.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

### SURPRISING STRIKE

One day in Washington recently a group of politicians were talking, when "Uncle Joe" Cannon was reminded of a story: "There was a friend of mine in Ohio," said he, "who once joyfully sought an oil expert, declaring that he had struck this fluid on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Now, evidently my friend had been in a great hurry, hastily grabbing the first bottle at hand, for when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted he sent the following telegraphic report: "Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."—*Woman's Home Companion.*



### "NEMESIS"

### PAINTING THE LILY

We have now a charming assortment of the latest costumes, blouses, millinery, etc., all straight from Paris, with a touch of Australian smartness added.—*Melbourne Argus.*  
"WHAT! Wed such a parvenu!" exclaimed the proud beauty.  
"He has millions," responded her social mentor. "And remember, you need not associate with him after you are married."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

### BEWARE THE CAMEL

The camel is a dangerous animal to ride—a much more dangerous animal than the horse—for the reason that with his serpentine neck he can reach around when annoyed and bite his rider.

Camels are not at all the patient, quiet, kindly creatures they are painted. They have nasty tempers. A caravan crossing the desert is always noisy; the loud and angry snarls of the camels make the waste places resound.

A camel's bite is a serious matter. The strong teeth lock in the wound and a circular motion is given to the jaw, around and then back, before the teeth are withdrawn again. The wound is a horrible one. There are few camel drivers without camel scars.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, once said to a youth who expressed a sentimental desire to cross the Sahara on camelback:

"Young man, I'll tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel in an African desert is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it, along with a savage dog, into a wagon without any springs. Then seat yourself on the stool and have it driven over uneven and rocky ground during the hottest parts of July and August, being careful not to eat or drink more than once every two days and letting the dog bite you every four hours. This will give you a faint idea of the exquisite poetry of camel-riding in the Sahara"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### GETTING USED TO BEING INDICTED

Arthur Evans, general counsel for Swift & Co., the meat packers, blew along Pennsylvania Avenue.  
"Hi there, Arthur!" shouted a friend. "Where have you been?"  
"Oh!" said Evans, "I've been down in Nashville getting indicted with the Fertilizer Trust. Got to be a habit with me now. Every town I drop into I find the hospitable citizens waiting to indict me. All the rage."—*Washington Correspondence, New York World.*

### KNOWN HIS MAN

BOROUGH: Say, old man, lend me a ten-spot, will you?  
LENDERS: No, thank you, I'm not making any permanent investments just now.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MR. D. PIAZZEK, the grain man, is firmly of the opinion that the fates have it in for him and are working twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four in an endeavor to humiliate him.

"It's no use," he sadly protested to some friends the other day, "I can't lift the hoodoo. Take my golf playing, for instance. Nine times out of ten I miss the ball when driving off from the first tee out at the Elm Ridge Club. And every one of those nine times I look around and find the veranda lined with people, all possessed of large eyes that look like porcelain plaques on a plate rail. The tenth time, however, I hit the ball; I knock it to a speck. Then I turn proudly around, my chest swelling with pride. And there's not a single soul on the veranda. Everybody has just gone in."—*Kansas City Independent.*

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "it doesn't bring happiness, but it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—*Washington Star.*

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#### HE'D WORK

TETE DE VEAU: Did you ever wonder what you would do if you had Pierpont Morgan's income?

L'OTIGNON: No. But I've often wondered what Pierpont Morgan would do if he had mine.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

#### FRIENDS

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?

To find a good one you must a hundred try.

—*Youth's Companion*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

#### BUYING FOR A RISE

HICKS: For goodness sake! Look at Crabbe. He just got up and actually gave that old lady his seat. I never saw him do that in a car before.

WICKS: Crabbe's changed his ways. I showed him an article in the paper the other day about an eccentric old lady who left \$25,000 to a young man who was polite to her in a street car.—*Catholic Standard*.

"See here," grumbled the inmate of murderers' row, "ain't there a law again crool and onusual punishment?"

"Yes," answered the warden.

"An' ain't I ter be hanged next week?"

"I'm afraid you are."

"Then what d'yer mean by sendin' me a bunch of story papers to read that ain't got nothin' but continued stories in 'em?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

#### SOCIOLOGY AND DIET

The Children of Israel were longing for the flesh pots of Egypt.

"Er—have you read the Neill-Reynolds' report?" asked Moses carelessly.

Thus craftily did he manage to keep them contented with a more or less vegetarian diet.—*Sun*.

#### BETWEEN PHYSICIANS

"Did you ever make a mistake in a diagnosis?"

"Only once. I was called to attend a sick man whom I said had indigestion, and less than a week later I discovered that he was rich enough for appendicitis."—*Translated from Le Rire for The Literary Digest*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

#### WHISKY TARIFF IN BALTIMORE

An enterprising saloon keeper in South Baltimore has a price list behind his bar which reads as follows:

"— whisky, 15 cents.

"Straight whisky, 10 cents.

"Whisky slightly damaged by water, 5 cents."—*Baltimore Sun*

HERE is an essay of a small schoolgirl on the subject of "If I Were Grown Up": "If I were grown up I should get married and have jam whenever I like. And I think I shall be a dress-maker. When I am married I am not going out washing clothes, like some people. I shall have a baby, and I shall not let anybody smack it unless it's naughty. If it wants smacking, I shall smack it. I shall have a little boy. If I have a place where there is a strict lady I shall leave. I want plenty of money from my husband. That's all I've got to say about when I am grown up."—*New York Tribune*.

#### Hotel Vendome, Boston

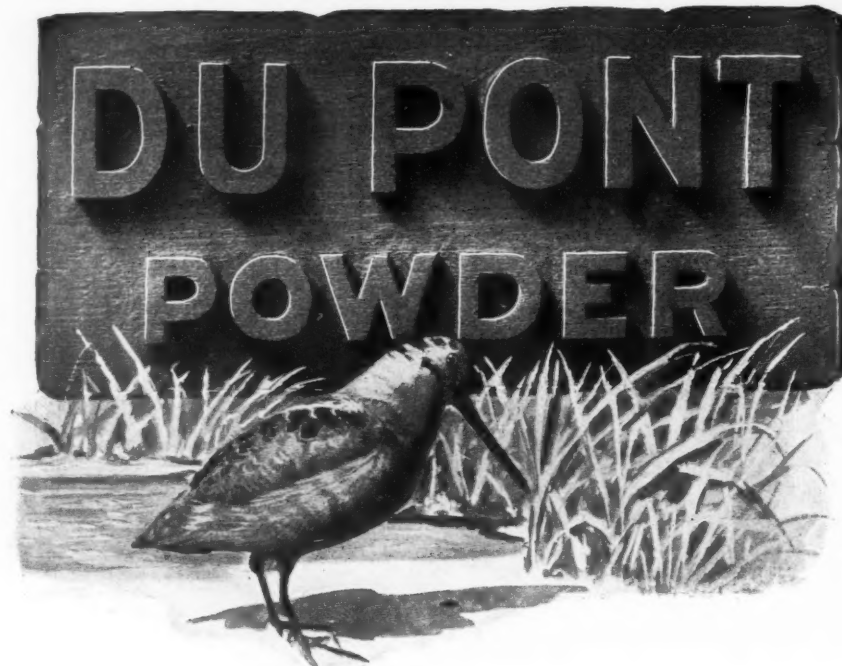
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#### TWO SIDES OF THE STORY

An aged Scotch minister about to marry for the fourth time was explaining his reason to an elder: "You see, I am an old man now, and I canna expect to be here verra lang. When the end comes I wad like to have some one to close my eyes."

The elder nodded and said: "Aweel, meenister, I have had twa wives, and bath of them opened mine."—*London News*.

FOR SHOTGUNS AND RIFLES



# Dr. Lapponi

Physician to the Late Pope Leo XIII., and Now Physician in Ordinary to Pope Pius X., Finds

## BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Of "Marvelous Efficacy in Gout, Rheumatism, Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, and in all the Various Forms of Uric Acid Diathesis."

Following is an Exact Translation of Dr. Lapponi's Testimonial as Written by Himself:

ROME, August 24, 1903.—In the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, directed by myself, I have largely experimented with the natural mineral water placed in commerce under the name of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** and am glad to be able to attest that, by its richness of composition of lithia, it is of marvelous efficacy in cases of Gout, of Chronic, Articular, and Muscular Rheumatism, of Hepatic Congestions and Functional Disorders, of Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, of Gravel and Renal Insufficiency, of light Nephritic Affections and of all the various forms of Uric Acid Diathesis.

The same water is also to be recommended highly in the initial processes of Arterio-sclerosis and in obstinate forms of Bronchial Asthma.

May also be used as a good table water. So much I declare for the truth.

(Signed) PROF. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.

Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

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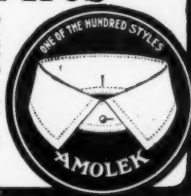


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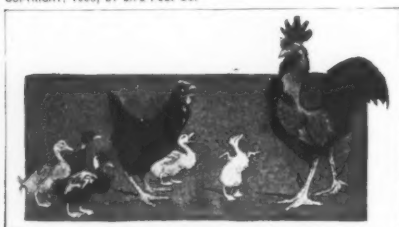


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"HANG IT! I KNEW I HAD NO BUSINESS  
TO WATCH THAT CIRCUS PARADE."

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Burglar (coming out from his hiding-place): Pardon me, lady, but if you will just give me a little bromo-seltzer to settle my stomach, I'll get out of here and not take anudder bloomin' t'ing.

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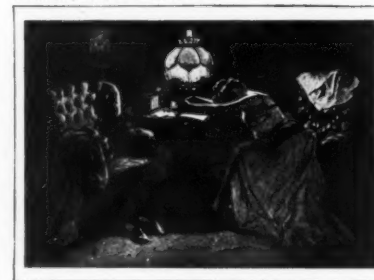


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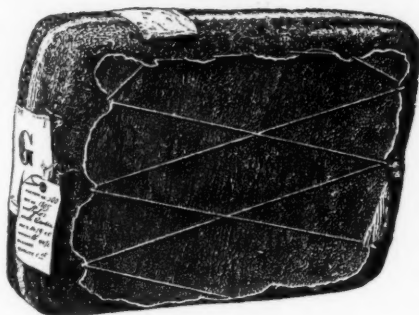
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packet of ten.

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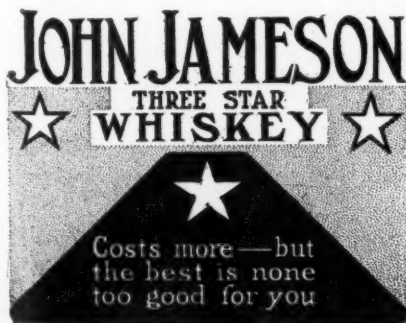
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*The Story of Cambridge*, by Charles W. Stubbs. (The Macmillan Company \$2.00.)

*The Story of Edinburgh*, by Oliphant Smeaton. (The Macmillan Company \$2.00.)

*Riley Songs o' Cheer*, by James Whitcomb Riley. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis.)

*Poems*, by Arthur Macy. (W. B. Clark Company, Boston. \$2.25.)

*The City*, by Arthur Upson. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.)

*The Blood of the Prophets*, by Dexter Wallace. (The Rooks Press, Chicago.)

*A Southern Flight*, by Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard. (George William Browning.)

*Banjo Talks*, by Anne Virginia Culbertson. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis.)

*A Levantine Log Book*, by Jerome Hart. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00.)

*Sonnets and Songs*, by Helen Hay Whitney. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.20.)

*Plays; Pleasant and Unpleasant*, by George Bernard Shaw. New edition. 2 vols. (Brentanos')

*The Fairy God-Mother-in-Law*, by Oliver Herford. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

*The Dream Child and Other Verses*, by Norma K. Bright. (The Grafton Press.)

## His Dog

JOHNSON and Thompson were next door neighbors. Johnson had a dog that barked a considerable part of every night. Finally Thompson said to Johnson:

"Look here, Johnson, we have always been friends, and I hope you won't take offense if I tell you that the barking of your dog is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep."

"Dear me," said Johnson. "That's queer. I haven't noticed that Leo ever barked any to speak of."

Two or three evenings afterward Thompson came home leading a dog—the dog—by a string.

"Now, then," said he to Mrs. Thompson, "we will soon have a chance to sleep. I didn't like to shoot the beast while he belonged to Johnson, so I have bought him. Nobody can blame us for killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to morrow."

A month passed, and Johnson and Thompson met.

"Well, Thompson, you haven't chloroformed the dog yet."

"No," said Thompson. "The truth is we have become rather fond of the fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"I haven't noticed it."

"H'm!" said Johnson. "The brute keeps us awake half the night. I don't see how you can put up with it."—*Chicago News*.

## Quite Impossible

THE Rev. Dr. Houghton, of "The Little Church Around the Corner," performed the marriage ceremony on Tuesday last for a young couple from a town on Long Island. When he had finished the service the bridegroom with apparent embarrassment asked what the fee was.

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The young man looked at Dr. Houghton and then cast an admiring glance at the bride.

"Shure," said he, "I'm no millyunaire."—*New York Sun*.



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